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The MOTHERS' COMPANION

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THE MOTHERS' COMPANION

VOL. I

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The Mothers' Companion.

"STOP THAT TRAIN!" p. 3.

OUR NEIGHBOUR, WIDOW YATES.

BY GRACE STEBBING,

Author of "What a Man Soweth," "Winning an Empire," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE EXCURSION SEASON.

THE excursion season had come round again, and thousands upon thousands of men and women, boys and girls, in the great factory towns of Masterton and Peterson would pause morning and evening, on their way to and from their respective factories, to scan with considerable eagerness and hopeful anticipation the great railway bills, advertising in huge letters—red, blue, yellow, green, white, and black—all manner of tempting excursions here, there, and everywhere, equally alluring to the toilers whether the cheap trips offered to take them out of the glaring, smoke-grimed, dusty towns into green fields freshened with sea-breezes, or into other towns with all the disadvantages of their own, only reigning under another name.

The advertisement bills were well placed for conspicuousness. In Peterson the posters formed flaring decorations for the sides of the long railway-bridge, and in Masterton they were equally visible to almost the shortest-sighted individuals; overhead on the monster archway, over which the innumerable trains rumbled at all hours of the day and night across the thoroughfare below, to the delight of the small children of the town, and the annoyance or terror of timid horses and nervous drivers.

One morning an unusual number of young folks stood still on Peterson Bridge, until there was quite a crowd gathered about Sandy Yates, the railway-porter, and the fresh sheet he was pasting over an old announcement.

"My!" ejaculated one of the North Mine factory girls, "if there ain't going to be a first-rate lot o' trips to choose from next Monday and Tuesday."

Sandy Yates lifted his eyes to the eager speaker from his paste-brush.

"First-rate, do you call it?" he said, with a half sigh. "The announcements on this bill mean nigh upon thirty-six hours' work right on end for some of my mates and me. We don't expect to feel first-rate by the time we're able to knock off for a bit of sleep, I can tell you."

"I should think not, indeed," said a gentleman, pausing on his way across the bridge as he heard the remark. "And then," he added—"and then people are surprised that accidents occur."

"I am not," murmured Yates to himself, with another deep-drawn, anxious breath, as he lifted himself up and went off with his paste and brush to fix another of the alluring announcements at the opposite end of the bridge.

The heedless boys and girls also went on their way, for the whole town was noisy with the jangle of factory bells and the scream of factory whistles. But they did not pass on with grave faces. Not they, indeed. They gave a laugh for "that old croaker" who had lingered beside them for the minute, and then with sparkling eyes and smiling mouths set to discussing the excursion notices, for next Monday and Tuesday were general holidays in those parts, and the railway advertisements helped dim plans to grow more definite.

"I can get you free tickets for next Monday, Mary dear, if you would very much like to take a trip anywhere," said Sandy Yates on his return home that night. It was with much difficulty he stifled his reluctance to make the offer. So many of his mates' wives and children had grasped with delight at the prospect of the free holiday trips that he had begun to think it was foolish of him, and actually unfair, to let nervous fears hinder his own good, hard-working wife from having the same pleasure. At any rate, she should make her own choice.

And so Mary did, and quickly enough, too.

Lest resolution should fail him, Sandy had scarcely taken his seat at the tea-table before he brought out his hardly-learnt speech. He found his eyes resting anxiously on the infant boy in its mother's arms, a mind picture growing every instant all too distinct of mother and baby in the midst of a surging platform crowd, hustled here, jostled there, and distracted by the terrified cries of little two-year-old Charlie, who could be neither found nor seen in the packed throngs, though heard. From these three Sandy's eyes turned upon his fair-haired darling, eleven-year-old Molly, and imagination showed her to him next Monday night in the crammed railway-carriage, pulled down upon the knee of a rough, rude, half-tipsy fellow, "to make room for more."

But there! If he didn't look out Mary never would get that chance of making her choice which he had made up his mind to give her; so without another instant's delay he set down his cup, and said quickly—

"I can get you free tickets for next Monday, Mary dear, if you would very much like to take a trip anywhere."

Mary's blue eyes met his with a bright smile. "It's good of you to think of it for me, Sandy dear, when you can't get away yourself. But I wouldn't go for anything, to drag all the poor children through the hurry and bustle and struggle and danger of the trains at such a time. It used to be bad enough for you and me alone, before we were married. I won't try it now, let alone the fear I always have of accidents."

Sandy Yates breathed freely once more, and when Monday came he was the more able to be of use to the innumerable family parties crowding the Peterson railway-station, and in all stages of bewilderment as to where they wanted to go, and which train they ought to take to get there, because he had the comfortable knowledge that his own family was passing the day in safe peacefulness at home.

By degrees the platforms began to get cleared, but only to fill again with stranger excursionists coming thither from other parts; and so the work went on all day, and by night all the officials, high and low, of the Peterson railway-station, and those also of the neighbouring town of Masterton, were very thoroughly tired, and ready for rest.

But rest was not to be had yet. It was no use to think of being tired—there was no time for such a thought. The extra traffic had put the ordinary business traffic of the lines quite out of court all day, so it had to be run through all night, and with the dawn of Tuesday the excursionist turmoil began again, with the additional exaggeration that by now many of the excursionists were themselves cross-tired, or unruly, excited and disorderly.

On Monday night, when the children were all put to bed, Mary ran round to the station for a few minutes, in the vain hope that perhaps her husband might be able to be spared to go back with her for an hour's sleep.

Sandy conjured up a cheerful smile upon his tired face, as he kissed her and sent her back home.

"After all, dear, we are really no worse off than half our neighbours, who are making themselves as tired as we are of their own free will, for the name of pleasure. But, oh, Mary"—and Sandy Yates' face grew graver—"thank God, Mary dear, we have got through so far without accidents."

As hour after hour went by of the Tuesday, that fervent thanksgiving rose many a time to the porter's lips, and more than once it was due, under God, to his watchfulness and promptitude that it was still able to be offered up.

At last evening came round once more, the greatest press of extra trains was over, and those who, like Yates, had been on duty ever since eight o'clock in the morning of the previous day, at last received leave to go home.

Mary Yates had come round again, as yesterday, and thankful indeed she was that she was not again obliged to leave the station alone.

But alas! for poor, loving Mary. Although she did not leave Peterson Station this Tuesday night without her husband, she nevertheless was destined to return to their home without him.

Tired as Sandy was, he naturally took the uninteresting but short cut home along the line. And, certainly, most particularly uninteresting the line is at Peterson, for it runs straight as an arrow for miles on either side of the station.

But views that are the most utterly devoid of interest for poets and painters, and all other lovers of fine scenery, may nevertheless have an intense, all-absorbing, most terrible interest of their own for other eyes sometimes.

With a natural instinct, Sandy Yates, the railway man, looked along the length of lines stretched out before him as he began to walk along the cutting by the side, his wife's hand resting lightly on his arm.

The next moment Mary felt the arm beneath her fingers quiver, then tremble yet more perceptibly as he snatched it from her, with the agonized exclamation—

"Oh! my God, how awful!"

For one instant he staggered, leaning against the bank, as Mary, in tones as agonized as his own, gasped—

"Oh! Sandy, what is it? Ah! you are ill. They have killed you with hard work."

The wife might well think so, for his face had grown pale as death. But it was not on his own account. With him it had long been as with the Apostle Paul—"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." No sudden call Home could have seemed "awful" to him, with the awfulness amounting to horror displayed by his face now.

The railway man's keen, trained eyes had detected a train coming onwards from Masterton, on the line along which the down-express from London was then due. And although the excursion train was, no doubt, booked to stop at Peterson, the express was not.

With the swiftness of lightning, imagination already heard the thunderous crash of the two opposing trains, as they met in a deadly rivalry of the right of way. Already, in that one moment's pause of faintness, he saw, in terrible vision, the wreck of engines, carriages, human lives; limbs torn from quivering, living human bodies, heads dashed asunder from their trunks, ground bedewed with human blood, and over and through all the heart-piercing shrieks of the dying and the bereaved.

Sandy Yates no more remembered that he was weary, almost to the point of utter, helpless prostration. By the blunder of some body-and-brain-exhausted official, that extra, unreckoned excursion train arrived at a wrong hour, and this other tired official must do what lay in his power to avert an impending dreadful catastrophe.

One instant for the faintness of an overwhelming fear, as the state of things flashed into his brain, and then, with a passionate prayer that his efforts might be blessed with success, Yates pulled himself together, exclaimed to his wife—"Fly! Stop that train!" and, turning his own back upon the distant excursion train thus indicated, he himself flew back across the station, at that instant deserted by all his companions, and, dashing along the line as a man fleeing for life, he went on to meet and arrest the express.

CHAPTER II.

JEM STOKES TO THE FORE.

A QUARTER of a mile from Peterson Station, and in the dim twilight, two huddled masses of blanch-faced human beings, many women in dead swoons amongst them—some in silks and soft cashmeres and handsome travelling cloaks, others in tawdry muslins and crumpled cottons—but all at one as they lay there in the solemn semblance of death in the railway accident.

But officials and stern-nerved, sensible men began to move about amongst the crowds of dismayed people, and doctors appeared upon the scene, and lights; and panic began to give place to a hushed, solemn thankfulness as group after group of friends and relatives gradually formed up together, and found that they had none missing from their midst.

Injuries there were—bruises and contusions and sprains, and injuries of a more subtle nature from the shock, to grow more apparent afterwards—but the only individual who needed removing to hospital owing to the sad business was one who had not been in the accident.

All the facts and circumstances of the case grew, by degrees, clear, and then one of those who had helped most actively and most thoughtfully to this end—the good doctor we have already met upon Peterson railway-bridge—stepped up on the bank and addressed a few words to the crowds of travellers—

"My friends, you will all be dispersing now, either to your homes in the town, or continuing your interrupted journey to London. But, before we separate, it seems to some of us that you all ought to know the vital debt of gratitude you owe to one of the railway porters here, Sandy Yates."

The speaker paused a moment, and then continued in grave, sad tones—

"There are four dead fellow-creatures now lying here in our midst, called thus suddenly away from earth, and from those who love them—the two poor stokers of the trains, the driver of the excursion-train, and a little infant who was lying sleeping in its mother's lap at the moment of the collision, and was dashed from her knees against the opposite wall of the carriage. But, instead of four deaths, there must have been four hundred, and yet more, but for the porter Yates. In spite of an almost continuous spell of thirty-six hours' work, he kept his wits awake. He noticed this excursion-train coming along on the down-line, remembered the express was due to pass through here, and, forgetting all fatigue, dashed back to meet it. Many of you would have done this same, I fully hope and believe, if you had been sensible enough thus instantly to recognise the need. But this is not all. Heedless of his path, in desperate anxiety to secure your preservation, he caught his foot in some broken wire netting, in his headlong race, and was flung to the ground with a broken leg."

Once more the address was interrupted, this time by a murmur of pity from some hundreds of throats, but the speaker resumed—

"Even then his efforts were not relaxed. He dragged himself close to the path of the oncoming train, and, by his shouts and waving arms, apprised the driver thus of the imminent danger, in time for him to slacken speed at the last moment, and save your lives."

A silence of some instants, and then a voice rose, clear and eager, a bright boy voice, from the midst of the express train throng—

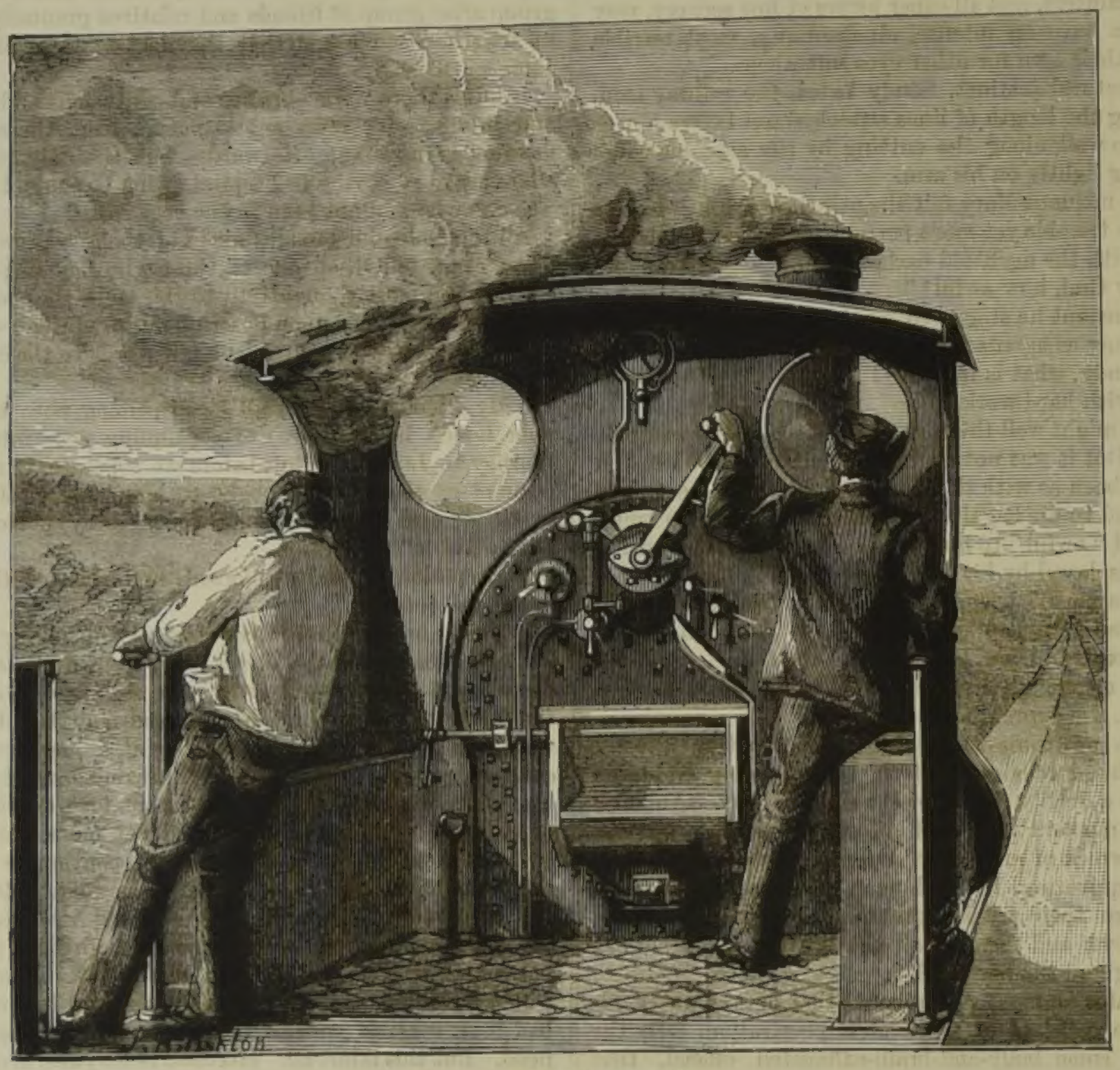
"And where is that good old fellow now, sir, please? I expect we should all like to give him a cheer. At any rate, I know father and I would."

"Aye, aye," called an honest, hearty voice from the other group, "that we should; and get a grip of his hand beside. Where is he, sir?"

Another voice—

"Is he here, or gone to hospital?"

The doctor shook his head. "Sandy Yates is neither here nor gone to the hospital yet, my friends. I was on my way home when he lay shouting his warnings, and, hearing the cries, I turned, and hurried to the spot to see what was the matter just as the train went by. Finding there was,



THE ON-COMING EXPRESS.

at all events, one wounded man already close to my hand, I was about to give my attention to him. But he insisted so strenuously upon being left for the present, that I might come on here, and devote myself to those who, he declared, might need aid to so terribly greater a degree than himself, that I was compelled to yield."

As these last words were uttered, men and women started from beside their companions and began to press up to the speaker. Dozens of hands plucked at his arms, at the flaps of his coat.

"Sir! Doctor! Do you mean to say that the man who has been the means of saving us is lying all this time like a poor dog in a ditch, with a broken leg?"

"Where's his wife—his poor wife?" exclaimed a woman, with a sob. "It's enough to be the death of the poor fellow, so tired and all as he was. And his wife, Mary Yates, so fond of him, too!"

"Well, lads," shouted a big navvy, generally supposed to be the worse for drink, but sober enough now. "Well, lads, there's no good standin' jawin' over the business. Jest step out, some o' you, along o' me, and let's be off and carry un in."

Doctor Clover turned rather quickly towards the speaker, as though about to say something, but as quickly checked himself.

Jem Stokes's good impulses were so rare, that the wise, good doctor decided it would be pity enough to check this one, even though its action was no longer needed, for one of the litters from the hospital, brought thither in case of need, had been despatched to Sandy Yates ten minutes ago, accompanied by his sorrowful young wife. It might have a softening tendency upon the navvy to meet the little procession, and see Sandy's patient face.

Certain it is, that for private reasons of his own the navvy was already considerably impressed by the railway-man's unselfish heroism, in continuing to endure great suffering in loneliness, when sympathy and alleviation were at hand, for the sake of unknown other folks.

"Allus supposed the sanctimo—'t' least the church-goin' chap, were a molly-coddle and a coward, and here he's done more'n I'd ha' done," muttered the navvy as he strode along to his assistance.

(To be continued.)

GENUINE ALTRUISM.

"Live and let live," Trade's gracious apothegm,
Shuts up the sordid soul, an oyster in its shell.
"Live and *help* live," the Saviour's word to them,
Makes one all loving souls that on this planet dwell.

KEEP A BRAVE HEART.

BY THE REV. CHARLES COURTENAY, VICAR OF UPPER ARMLEY, LEEDS,

Author of "Temperance Home Thrusts," etc.

MANY mothers are looking on and out with anxiety and fear. Twelve months of difficulty, sorrow, and distress seem to be ahead. They are almost afraid to look, and yet they cannot help looking. And the more they seek to look elsewhere, the stronger the attraction thitherward. Poor mothers!

A Happy New Year, indeed! Small chances of that. More likely a weary, heavy-laden one. Streaks of happiness here and there, fitful gleams of sunshine, no doubt, but the main drift of the year sad and distressing. It seems almost a mockery to them to hear the blithe greeting of the New Year, and they can hardly keep back an incredulous smile as they hear it. A Happy New Year! Would to God it might be so! It would be worth living then.

Well, dear mothers, I do not know why it should not be so. There are many mothers who smile the whole year through—mothers as afflicted or as heavily weighted as you are, who manage somehow to extract the sunshine from life pretty plentifully, and if they can do so, why should not you?

Now, my greeting to you is this: "*Keep a brave heart.*" It is almost better than "A Happy New Year," I think, because it shows you how to get a Happy New Year. Just as a present of a hundred pound note is better than saying, "May you be rich!"

I do not know a better word than this for a mother as she looks sadly at the new year just breaking.

"Keep a brave heart" if you would steal the sunshine from life's clouds. "Keep a brave heart" if you would leap over the stiles of life with nimble feet. "Keep a brave heart" if you would brighten your own home circle, and drive out of it home-murmurings, home-tempers, and home-crosses. "Keep a brave heart" by night and day, in spring and summer, autumn and winter. "Keep a brave heart" in petty cares, as well as in great disasters; in loneliness and in company; in poverty and in riches; in sickness and in health; in life and in death. Whatever you do, set this first and foremost as a golden rule for the twelve months before you—"Keep a brave heart."

"*More easily said than done,*" you cry. I know it. To keep a brave heart amidst life's adversities is *not* easy. It would be foolish indeed to attempt to deny it. "To *lose* heart" is easy enough. "To *keep* a brave heart" is one of the difficulties of life, and we may as well face it.

And it is easier for some than for others. There are those, undoubtedly, who are by nature more quick than others. You, it may be, are of an anxious turn of mind, more quick in perceiving rising clouds than the rising, or the risen, sun. Your temper, perhaps, is of that quick, lively sort that cannot be still. And, perhaps, it is just as well to point out that this worrying turn of mind has been so long practised and cultivated, that it has now reached the highest point of perfection, or rather imperfection.

And it is easier at some times than others. This, too, is true. When the body is robustly strong, or when youth is on our side, "keeping a brave heart" is not so great a difficulty as when the nerves are unduly stretched, or the bodily health is below par. This is undoubtedly true.

Nevertheless, let it be said that "a brave heart" may infallibly be yours, if you will. Granting all the human ailments and imperfections you like, I will yet venture to say to *you*—"Keep a brave heart."

But, first of all, *get a brave heart.* There is something, after all, in a good start. It is infinitely better than a bad one. And there is something supremely good to my mind in a good New Year's start. Start well, and it will help the after pace. Start well, and it will give the tone to the whole year. To start with timid, hesitating steps is nothing less than a calamity. And so, let your heart pluck up courage to-day, put your foot firmly down, and say, with firm lips, "I *will* be brave." There is more in this than we think. A good beginning is half the battle.

Kneel down, my sister, by your bedside, and pour out your sad heart in prayer before Him who is closer to you than the air which wraps you round. It is a good atmosphere there in which to make resolutions. It will brace your will, and invigorate your whole spiritual being. You will rise up a new creature. Let the breath of your Christ make that heart of yours supple and pliant, and let the fingers of His pierced hand touch your lips, and frame the words—"I *will* be brave."

And then go forth in His strength to "*keep* a brave heart."

Let me set down a few rules for "*keeping* a brave heart."

It will depend, for one thing, on *where you look.* There are looks which brace, and looks which shrivel and blast. Take heed where you look. You may look up, or you may look down. You may look manwards, or you may look Godwards. You may look on the dark side of things, or you may look on the bright side of things. But, depend upon it, as you look so you will be.

"I see trouble looming in the distance, just climbing up the horizon. It is drawing nearer, nearer, nearer. God help me! It will burst over my very head. It will overwhelm me and mine. Alas! it is more than I can bear. Would that I had never been born!"

So says one anxious mother of keen imagination and earthly-mindedness.

"I see the Lord, high and lifted up. His feet are on the cloud, and He turns it whither He will. It is *my* Lord, *my* God, *my* Friend, *my* Mighty One, *my* Saviour. Glory be to God!"

So says a mother of brave and faithful heart.

Alas! that so many see the cloud alone, and fail to look higher, to the feet that are upon it. No wonder that they shiver and tremble and fail to "keep a brave heart."

It will depend, in the second place, on *what you do.* You may struggle single-handed against your difficulties and anxieties, if you like. Many mothers prefer to do this. But the contest will be a very unequal one, and the issue will not be at all doubtful. But is there not a better way than this? You must take your great Lord into holy partnership, and set Him before you. You must make Him your great Helper. You must associate yourself with the Lord Jesus. With Him as the partner of your sorrows and joys, your spirits will rise magnificently, and you will keep such a brave heart as will almost startle you.

It will depend, in the third place, on *where you run.* You may run to a neighbour, if you like. Many do, and they run nowhere else, more's the pity. The Lord will be waiting for you to run to Him. He will be on the look-out for

you. You must not disappoint Him. You will never "keep a brave heart" if you seek it away from the Lord. Many have tried, but I have never known one succeed yet. Are you likely to be the first? No, run to the footstool without a moment's delay, and, without the least loitering, lay the germs and beginnings of your fears at His feet.

Once more, it will depend on *what you think*. Think not lightly of your thoughts. It is the good thought which keeps the brave heart. You may think well of your position and circumstances, or you may think ill. You may think there never was such a burdened mother, or, on the other hand, that there never was such a mercy-laden one. You may think murmuringly and rebelliously, or you may think gratefully. Think well of Him, my sister, who is shaping your life and circumstances, and whose hand, although you see it not, is with you ever. A brave heart must be linked with brave thoughts to keep its bravery. Let your thoughts be thoughts of loving trust. "He doeth all things *well*."

Now, my sister, look on—look straight on. There *will* be storms ahead. There always are. What forms they will take neither you nor I know. It may be sickness will visit your house. Your children, it may be, will be "down" with some dangerous disease. Perhaps death will draw down the blinds, and clothe you in the garments of mourning. Poverty, it may be, will stare you full in the face. Some cherished plans will perhaps issue disastrously. Perhaps—but why add to the list, which you can fill up as well as I? Never mind, "keep a brave heart."

"Keep a brave heart," and I tell you in the name of God that this year shall be the sunniest, quietest, and most prosperous that has ever passed over your head.

Husband, children, household, will feel its power, and will bless the year in which the mother "kept a brave heart."

ELIZABETH FRY.

BY MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

["Humanity is erroneously considered among the commonplace virtues. If it deserved such a place there would be less urgent need than, alas! there is for its daily exercise among us. In its pale shape of kindly sentiment and bland pity it is common enough, and is always the portion of the cultivated. But humanity armed, aggressive, and alert, never slumbering and never wearying, moving like an ancient hero over the land to slay monsters, is the rarest of virtues."—*John Morley.*]

THE present century is one that is distinguished by the active part women have taken in careers that were previously closed to them. Some people would have us believe that if women write books, paint pictures, and understand science and ancient languages they will cease to be true women, and cease to care for those womanly occupations and responsibilities that have always been entrusted to them. This is an essentially false and mistaken notion. True cultivation of the understanding makes a sensible woman value at their real high worth all her womanly duties, and so far from making her neglect them, causes her to appreciate them more highly than she would otherwise have done. It has always been held—at least, in Christian countries—that the most womanly of women's duties are to be found in works of mercy to those who are desolate and miserable. To be thirsty, hungry, naked, sick, or in prison is to have a claim for compassion and comfort upon womanly pity and tenderness. And we shall see, if we look back over recent years, that never have these womanly tasks been more zealously fulfilled than they have been in the century which has produced Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, Josephine Butler, and Octavia Hill.

Mrs. Fry was born before the beginning of this century—in 1780—but the great public work with which her memory will always be connected was not begun till about 1813. She was born of the wealthy Quaker family, the Gurneys of Norwich. Her parents were not very strict members of the sect to which they belonged, for they allowed their children to learn music and dancing—pursuits that were then considered very worldly even by many who did not belong to the Society of Friends. The gentle poet, William Cowper, speaks in one of his letters, written about the time of Elizabeth Fry's childhood, of love of music as a thing which tends "to weaken and destroy the spiritual discernment." Mr. and Mrs. Gurney, however, seem to have been very free from such prejudices, as well as from others which were much more universal, for their children not only learnt music and dancing, but also—girls as well as boys—Latin and mathematics.

Mrs. Gurney seems to have discerned that she had an especial treasure in her little Elizabeth. She is spoken of in her mother's journal as "my dove-like Betsy." The authoress of the biography of Elizabeth Fry in the Eminent Women series, says: "Her faculty for independent investigation, her unswerving loyalty to duty, and her fearless perseverance in works of benevolence, were all foreshadowed" in her childhood. She had as a young girl what appears to us now a very extraordinary dread of enthusiasm in religion. One would think that if ever a woman needed enthusiasm for her life's work, Elizabeth Fry was that woman. But she confesses in her journal, written when she was seventeen years of age, "the greatest fear of religion" because it is generally allied with enthusiasm. Perhaps the truth is that she had so deep a natural fount of enthusiasm in her heart that she dreaded the work that it would impel her to when once it was allowed a free course. She had a very strong, innate repugnance to anything which drew public attention upon herself, and only the imperative sense of duty enabled her to overcome this feeling. In her heart she said what her Master had said before her: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

When the sphere of public duty first revealed itself to her, she records in her diary what it cost her to enter upon it, and writes of it as "the humiliating path that has appeared to be opening before me." It must be noticed, however, that in her case, as always, the steep and difficult path of duty becomes easier to those who do not flinch from it. In a later passage of her diary the public work which she had at first called a path of humiliation she speaks of as "this great mercy."

In the little book to which reference has just been made, we read that the first great change in Elizabeth Gurney's life was caused by the deep impression made upon her by the sermons of William Savery. It is rather strange to find the girl who had such a terror of enthusiasm, weeping passionately while William Savery was preaching. Her sister has described what took place. "Betsy astonished us all by the great feeling she showed. She wept most of the way home. . . . What she went through in her own mind I cannot say; but the results were most powerful and most

evident" (p. 11, "Elizabeth Fry." By Mrs. E. R. Pitman). Her emotion was not of the kind that passes away and leaves no trace behind. The whole course of her life and tenor of her thought were changed. She became a strict Quakeress, not, however, without some conflict with herself. There are pleasant little touches of human nature in the facts that she found it a trial to say "thee" and "thou," and to give up her scarlet riding habit. Soon after this, at the age of twenty, she became the wife of Mr. Joseph Fry, and removed to London, where she lived in St. Mildred's Court, in the City. The family into which she married were Quakers, like her own, but of a much more severe and strict kind. Her marriage was, however, in every respect a fortunate one. Her husband sympathised deeply with her in all her efforts for the good of others, and encouraged her in her public work, although many in the Society of Friends did not scruple to protest that a married woman has no duties except to her husband and children. Her journal shows how anxiously she guarded herself against any temptation to neglect her home duties. She was a tender and devoted mother to her twelve children, and it was through her knowledge of the strength of a mother's love that she was able to reach the hearts of many of the poor prisoners whom she afterwards helped out of the wretchedness into which they had fallen.

Her study of the problem, how to help the poor, began in this way. A beggar-woman with a child in her arms stopped her in the street. Mrs. Fry, seeing that the child had whooping cough and was dangerously ill, offered to go with the woman to her home in order more effectually to assist her. To Mrs. Fry's surprise, the woman immediately tried to make off; it was evident what she wanted was a gift of money, not any help to the suffering child. Mrs. Fry followed her, and found that her rooms were filled with a crowd of farmed-out children in every stage of sickness and misery; the more pitiable the appearance of one of these poor mites, the more useful an implement was it in the beggar's stock-in-trade. From this time onwards the condition of women and children in the lowest and most degraded of the criminal classes became the study of Mrs. Fry's life. She had the gift of speech on any subject which deeply moved her. From about 1809 she began to speak at the Friends' meeting-house. This power of speaking, as well as working, enabled her to draw about her an active band of co-workers. When she first began visiting the female prisoners in Newgate it is probable that she could not have supported all that she had to go through if it had not been for the sympathy and companionship of Anna Buxton and other Quaker ladies whom she had roused through her power of speech, just as she had herself been roused when a girl by the preaching of William Savery.

The condition of the women and children in Newgate Prison, when Mrs. Fry first began visiting them in 1813, was more horrible than anything that can be easily imagined. Three hundred poor wretches were herded together in two wards and two cells, with no furniture, no bedding of any kind, and no arrangements for decency or privacy. Cursing and swearing, foul language, and personal filthiness, made the dens in which the women were confined equally offensive to ear, eye, nose, and sense of modesty. The punishment of death at that time existed for 300 different offences, and though there were many mitigations of the sentence in the case of those who had only committed minor breaches of the law, yet the fact that nearly all had by law incurred the penalty of death, gave an apparent justification for herding the prisoners indiscriminately together. It thus happened that many a poor girl who had committed a comparatively trivial offence, became absolutely ruined in body and mind through her contact in prison with the vilest and most degraded of women. No attempt whatever was made to reform or discipline the prisoners, or to teach them any trade whereby, on leaving the gaol, they might earn an honest livelihood. Add to this that there were no female warders nor female officers of any kind in the prison, and that the male warders were frequently men of depraved life, and it is not difficult to see that no element of degradation was wanting to make the female wards of Newgate, what they were often called—a hell on earth.

When Elizabeth Fry and Anna Buxton first visited this Inferno, there was so little pretence at any kind of control over the prisoners that the Governor of Newgate advised the ladies to leave their watches behind them at home. Mrs. Fry, with a wise instinct, felt that the best way of influencing the poor, wild, rough women was to show her care for their children. Many of the prisoners had their children with them in gaol, and there were very few even of the worst who could not be reached by care for their little ones. Even those who had no children were often not without the motherly instinct, and could be roused to some measure of self-restraint and decency for the sake of the children who were being corrupted by their example. So Mrs. Fry's first step towards reforming the women took the form of starting a school for the children in the prison. As usual in all good work of a novel kind, those who knew nothing about it were quite sure that Mrs. Fry would have been much more usefully employed if she had turned her energies in a different direction. People who have never stirred a finger to lighten the misery of mankind always know, so much better than the workers, what to do and how to do it. They would probably tell a fireman who is entering a burning house at the risk of his life, that he would be more usefully employed in studying the chemical action of fire, or in pondering over the indestructibility of matter. The popular feeling with regard to Mrs. Fry's work in Newgate was embodied by Thomas Hood in a ballad which is preserved in his collected works, and serves now to show how wrong a good and tender-hearted man may be in passing judgment on a work of the value of which he was entirely unqualified to form an opinion. The refrain of the poem is "Keep your school out of Newgate, Mrs. Fry"—

> "I like the pity in your full-brimmed eye.
> I like your carriage and your silken grey,
> Your dove-like habits and your silent preaching,
> But I *don't* like your Newgatory teaching.
> * * * * *
> No, I'll be your friend, and like a friend
> Point out your very worst defect. Nay, never
> Start at that word! But I must ask you why
> You keep your school in Newgate, Mrs. Fry."

Mrs. Fry's philanthropy was not of a kind to be checked by a ballad, and she went on perseveringly with her work, the school was formed, and a prisoner, named Mary Connor, was the first schoolmistress. A wonderful change gradually became apparent in the demeanour, language, and appearance of the women in prison. In 1817, an association was formed for carrying on the work Mrs. Fry had begun. It was called "An Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate." Its first members were eleven Quakeresses and one clergyman's wife. Public attention was now alive to the importance of the work; and in the following year a select committee of the House

of Commons was appointed to inquire and report upon the conditions of the London prisons. Mrs. Fry was examined before this committee. Her chief recommendations were that the prisoners should be employed in some industry, and be paid for their work, and that good conduct should be encouraged by rewards; she was also most urgent that the women prisoners should be in the charge of women warders. Her work in the prison naturally led her to consider the condition and ultimate fate of women who were transported. Transportation was then carried out upon a large scale, and all the evils of the prison existed in an intensified form on board the transport ships. The horrors of the voyage were followed by a brutal and licentious distribution of the women on their arrival to colonists, soldiers and convicts, who went on board and took their choice of the human cargo. Mrs. Fry's efforts resulted in a check being placed on these shameful barbarities. The women were, owing to her exertions, sent out in charge of female warders, and they were provided with decent accommodation on their arrival.

ELIZABETH FRY.

Like Howard, Mrs. Fry did not confine her efforts to the poor and wretched of her own country. She visited foreign countries in order thoroughly to study various methods of prison work and discipline. On one occasion she found in Paris a congenial task in bringing the force of public opinion to bear on the treatment of children in the Foundling Hospital there. The poor babies were done up in swaddling clothes that were only undone once in twelve hours. There was no healthy screaming in the wards, only a sound that a hearer compared to the faint and pitiful bleating of lambs. A lady who visited the hospital said she never made the round of the spotlessly clean, white cots, without finding at least one dead baby! Everything in the hospital was regulated by clockwork; its outward appearance was clean and orderly in the extreme, but the babies died like flies! The Archbishop of Paris was vastly annoyed with Mrs. Fry for pointing out this drawback to the perfect organisation of the institution; but when once the light was let in, improvement followed.

There were many other classes of neglected or unfortunate people whose circumstances were improved by Mrs. Fry's exertions. The lonely shepherds of Salisbury Plain were provided with a library after she had visited the desolate region where they lived. She also organised a lending library for coastguardsmen and for domestic servants. There was no end to her active exertions for the good of others except that of her life.

She died at Ramsgate in 1845, and was buried at Barking.

Her private life was not without deep sorrows and anxieties. She lost a passionately beloved child in 1815; in 1828 her husband was unfortunate in his business affairs. They suffered from a great diminution of fortune, and were obliged to remove to a smaller house and adopt a less expensive style of living. She did not pretend to any indifference she was far from feeling under these trials; but they were powerless to turn her from the duties which she had marked out for herself. The work which she had undertaken for the good of others probably became in its turn her own solace and support in the hour of trial and affliction. In helping others she had unconsciously built up a strong refuge for herself, thus giving a new illustration to the truth of the words: "He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life, for my sake, shall find it."

KEEPING HOUSE FOR MOTHER.

Or, Mrs. Rawson's Children.

A Story for the Young.

BY EDITH C. KENYON,

Author of "Jemmy Lawson," "Jack's Heroism," "Daring Tom," etc., etc.

"I SHOULD like to be great," said little Ernest, "and fight battles and win victories."

"And what would Amy like to be?" said his mother, smiling and turning towards her little daughter.

"I should like to be able to keep house like you, mother, and tell every one what to do, and be the mistress and have every one look up to me," replied Amy.

The other children had gone to bed, only the two older ones were having a last talk with their mother before they followed their example. Mrs. Rawson had been a nurse in a gentleman's family, and she was a kind, good woman, who taught her children carefully what they should do and say and be.

"You will have an opportunity of trying to be little mother to-morrow, Amy," she said, "for I and your father will have to be away all day, and you will have to fill my place and take care of the children."

"The good gentleman sat down beside them, and told them very sorrowfully all the story."

Amy was delighted. "But where are you going, mother?" she asked.

"To-morrow is to be sticking-day," said her mother; "that is, our Squire has given leave to all his tenants that just for that one day they may go in his woods and gather as many sticks and fallen boughs as they please. As every one wants to go, your father cannot get help, and so I am going to do what I can; we shall be away all day. And, Ernest dear, she added, turning to her little son, "you must bring us our dinner, and help sister all you can."

Ernest gladly promised. And he and Amy were happy to feel that their mother could trust them.

The next day was the first of November. There had been a slight fall of snow during the night, but the stick-gatherers set off bravely to their work.

"We will light a fire at dinner-time, so mind and bring some matches with you, Ernest," said his father, last thing before he went.

When they were alone, Amy dressed the children, and with Ernest's help gave them their breakfast. She was very happy at first in the thought that she was in her mother's place, but, by-and-by she forgot how gently and lovingly her mother ruled, and she began to order the children about, and, at last, even Ernest himself, in a way which he very much resented.

Before the time came for him to set off with his parents' dinner, he and Amy had had more than one quarrel, and the little ones were quite afraid of their angry looks and words.

"I am the mistress of the house, and you must do as I tell you!" Amy had said, passionately.

Ernest had retorted in anger, "I shall not come back and help you. I shall stay with father and mother. I shall tell them how badly you do things." And with that he had gone away with the dinner basket, leaving Amy in tears.

The little girl, knowing she had done wrong, was very unhappy, and, being vexed with herself, she was cross with the children, who, in their turn, became cross with one another.

"I am sure I don't know what to do," said Amy; "the more I try, the worse things get. I shall give up." And going upstairs for a little quiet, she proceeded to make the beds. She was just putting the last quilt neatly and tidily on the last bed, when she caught sight of a story-book lying on the chest of drawers which she had much wanted to finish reading. "I am *so tired*," she said to herself, "I will just sit down and see how the story ends, and whether little Jane gets the prize for good conduct. The children are quiet now, and they are sure to scream if they want anything."

"But your mother would not like you to sit up here reading when she has left them all in your care," said the voice within her heart.

"I will only be just a minute," she said, sitting down with the book in her hand. But the story was very interesting, and five minutes flew by, then twenty, and then half an hour, by which time Amy had forgotten all about the children below, and, indeed, about everything but the story.

Ernest did not return from the wood. He had told his mother Amy was not kind to him; and so she had thought it better to let him stay with them.

The little boy was delighted to make a fire with some of the sticks, and he was quite ready to join his parents with their dinner when, by-and-by, they sat down to it.

It was so strange to dine out-of-doors, with a fire and with snow all round. But, when the meal was over, and the plates and basin were replaced in the dinner-basket, something more startling still happened. For one who looked like a traveller came up asking if they were called Rawson, and if they lived in a rather lonely cottage just outside the village.

"Yes, oh yes," said Ernest's mother. "What is the matter?"

"Only that there is a little trouble there," said the stranger. And then the good gentleman sat down and told them very sorrowfully all the story.

It seemed while Amy was reading upstairs, the children below had begun to play at a very dangerous game. This was to try how near they could hold scraps of paper to the fire without their being lighted. As might have been expected, one of the children, little Susie, was soon on fire, and a piercing scream recalled Amy to her duties. Throwing her book down, she ran downstairs to find her little sister in flames, and the other children screaming with terror. "I happened to be passing," said the stranger, "and together we put out the fire. But the child is badly burned."

"Oh, Ernest, how I wish you had stayed with sister," cried his mother.

"I would have done so if she had not quarrelled with me," he replied.

"Oh, Ernest," said his mother, with a sob, "only last night you wanted to be great and win victories, and don't you know that King Solomon said, 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city'?"

"Ah! better a thousand times," said the stranger; "you will never forget that, my boy. But I must go, Mrs. Rawson," he added, rising, "and I trust you will find your little girl more easy; we did all we could for her before I left."

Mrs. Rawson and her husband thanked him warmly, and then they hurried home, followed by Ernest, in much distress.

It was terrible to see Susie lying in great pain in her little cot, where they had left her so well and rosy in the morning. But it was almost more sad to see poor Amy's grief and remorse.

"I meant to be just like you, mother," she cried, as she entreated her parents' forgiveness.

"But did you ask God's help, and did you think how, though we were away, He was still with you?" asked Mrs. Rawson.

"No," sobbed Amy, "I only thought about *myself*, and how grandly I would keep house and order everybody about, and how every one should look up to me. But please, mother, I am very sorry, and I will never do so any more."

Susie got better in due time. But Ernest and Amy never forgot the lessons they had learned.

TO OUR READERS.

A CERTAIN wise man who lived some hundreds of years ago, once said truly and prophetically, "of making many books there is no end;" and, perhaps, we are only now just beginning to feel its wonderful and far-reaching truth, and to realise that as long as there is any human progress, so long will books be wanted to record and to assist it.

At first sight, and to a casual observer, it might appear that there were magazines enough already in the field, and that there was certainly no room for one addressed to any particular class in the community. But those to whom THE MOTHERS' COMPANION will appeal constitute a very numerous and a very important section of society. And we venture to think that the many and varied subjects that affect mothers in the duties they have to fulfil to their children, their homes, and to society, have not yet been so dealt with in a popular way as their increasing importance demands.

It is only of late years that it has been a recognised fact that work to be well done must be well understood, and that no natural talent can compensate either for want of knowledge or want of training. Women have been slower than men to recognise this truth, and have been contented to believe that one can be a "born" nurse, or a "born" mother, and, therefore, able to fulfil their onerous duties without any preparation whatever. Is it any wonder that under such circumstances the lessons of life are so often learnt only from sad and sorrowful experiences that might have been altogether avoided?

Thanks to the powerful impulse that has been given to the education and development of women in these later days, it is no longer thought necessary to keep them in ignorance of subjects which either interest and affect mankind generally, or which specially concern themselves as women who are mothers and heads of families. In this magazine we purpose having helpful papers on all matters connected with the family and the home, on Sanitation, in reference to the "Dwelling," and the prevention of the terrible amount of disease and death occasioned by unhealthy homes. The poorer classes suffer much from their ignorance of this subject; indeed, the first essentials of a healthy home are scarcely yet known to them. It is very important that all women should take more interest in this matter than they often do, for the choosing of a house is generally left to them.

Then again the importance of Hygiene as it affects the health and welfare of the family can scarcely be overestimated. By attention to it, indeed, the value and duration of human life has been so much increased, that in England men now live *two years* and women *three and a*

half years longer, than they did thirty years ago; whilst the actual size and strength of both men and women have also increased. "Loss of health is loss of wealth" in so many homes that hygiene, or the science of health, will be very fully considered.

In close connection with good health, we have the preparation of wholesome and economical food. Those who are intimately acquainted with London Board Schools know from experience that the poorest children, when they are properly fed, do their school work with ease, and that not only their physical, but their intellectual and moral powers seem wonderfully improved. The faults of our English cookery have hitherto been its wastefulness and its want of variety. This reproach we shall endeavour to avoid in the practical papers on "Feeding a Family."

Needlework (both plain and fancy) seems to be so much a part of a woman's home life, that some space will generally be devoted to that "fine art;" but, after all, it must be remembered that magazines are not elastic, and that articles on every subject can scarcely be given each month. We shall, however, always have interesting tales and biographies from the pens of first-class writers; and in the lives of those who in the "freedom and valour of womanhood" have done such noble work, the women of to-day may perhaps find an incentive to the yet higher work that made those "lives sublime."

Keeping, as they say women always do, the most important part to the last, we do not forget that the education of life really begins at home, and that a "healthy mind in a healthy body" is generally the result of good home training. Napoleon I. was fond of saying that "the fate of a child is always the work of his mother," and although we cannot entirely agree with that statement, there is no doubt that the influence of a mother is so great, especially on her sons, that the moral and religious training of the children must always be felt as a grave responsibility. Suggestive papers on this important topic will appear from time to time in our pages.

We have thus, in brief, given the purpose and plan of THE MOTHERS' COMPANION. We shall have the assistance of those who are distinguished not only as writers, but are also well known for their devotion to the best interests of women, and with their co-operation we hope to make this magazine a bright and useful companion to Mothers of all classes.

NOTES ON HEALTH.

I.—HEREDITY.

BY MRS. ATKINS, M.D.

THE art of preserving health, otherwise termed Hygiene, is one of the most important subjects which any human being, but more especially a mother, can be called upon to master, for not only does it embrace the prevention of disease, but in many instances that of death also. Dr. Simon, the medical officer of health to the Local Government Board, tells us in one of his reports, that of deaths "which may be called preventable, the yearly number in England and Wales is about 120,000." When we think of the amount of suffering and sorrow which that number represents, we cannot hide from ourselves that it is our bounden duty to endeavour, in however small a way it may be, to lessen that amount by studying the laws of health; and when we remember that a knowledge of hygiene may be the means of saving the lives of those dear to us, it will not be duty alone, but love, which will urge us on to the task. In how many cases, for instance, have diphtheria or typhoid destroyed some member of the family group, simply because in selecting a house, neither father nor mother have known anything about house drainage, and have, therefore, had to trust either to incompetent or dishonest persons. When disease and death have entered the house then the leakage in the pipes or the defective trap are discovered, which, detected in time, would have saved the life of the one we mourn.

Again, how often will a mother see one after the other of her darlings taken away from her by consumption of the bowels or lungs, or disease of the brain; or she will watch them growing up marred by disease of the bones or disfigured by abscess scars; all this sickness, misery, and death caused by having married into a family where consumption and scrofula were hereditary. Surely then, it is the duty of every woman to learn how to avoid these evils, and still more is it her duty to see that her children are taught something of Nature's laws, so that by obeying they may conquer her.

The following notes on health will, I trust, assist the mothers who read them by giving them a few plain facts on hygiene, and may possibly incite others to study the subject more deeply and thoroughly.

To render these "Notes on Health" as serviceable as possible I have thought it advisable to begin the series of papers by treating somewhat *in extenso* the question of heredity, for, if a child be brought into the world with a diseased constitution it is a hard task for the most devoted and best educated mother to mitigate the influence of such hereditary predisposition. Here, as elsewhere, "prevention is better than cure," and in this question of heredity we find women and also men, either more lamentably ignorant or more criminally careless, than in almost any other branch of hygiene.

Ribot, one of the most scientific writers on the subject, has defined "Heredity as that biological law, or law of life, by which all things endowed with life tend to repeat themselves in their descendants: it is for the species what personal identity is for the individual. By it a groundwork remains unchanged amid incessant variation, by it Nature copies and imitates herself." Ribot is also quite correct in stating that in man the question of heredity is a most complex one; for we have in him to consider not only the question of heredity pure and simple, but also the modifying influences of education, circumstances, and, according to Buckle, of climate. Nevertheless, my study of heredity has taught me that if it be true that the child is father of the man, still more true it is that the man is father of the child. This sounds like an absurd truism, but the profound significance of the words will reveal itself when we find the child bearing the traces and consequences of his parentage throughout the whole of his compound nature—on his body, soul, and spirit—and as a most serious corollary to this, that the career of that child for good or for evil, for intellect or for imbecility, and even for moral tendencies, is marked out for him by boundary lines which to overpass, if unfavourable, will require more than ordinary courage, resolution, and a concurrence of favourable circumstances.

The two points which it will be advisable to consider are,

first, whether Heredity, *i.e.*, the tendency of all beings endowed with life to repeat themselves in their descendants, is governed by any laws, and if we find that notwithstanding numerous exceptions, heredity may still be considered one of the laws of life; our second point will be to inquire what duties this law entails upon us both as regards ourselves and our children.

Now what are the facts which we know, and upon which we can base any law of heredity? In the first place we can accept those based upon our daily experience—that children as a rule resemble their parents not only physically, but mentally and morally, that we constantly account for traits in ourselves by saying, "I inherited this fault or virtue from my father or mother," as the case may be, and that on the occurrence of any serious chronic disorder the medical attendant will always inquire as to any existing hereditary predisposition. All these examples are merely platitudes, and just because they are platitudes we pass them by, and disregard the lessons which they teach us. But apart from these platitudes what other facts have we pointing to a law of heredity? These facts abound both in history and biography, and we shall have therefore to content ourselves with selecting a few examples to illustrate the heredity of mental, moral, and physical dispositions. As regards mental heredity we find one of the most striking instances on record in the family of the Bachs, whose musical genius culminated in the person of Sebastian Bach. We have in this family hereditary musical talent continued through eight generations, and extending over a period of nearly 300 years.

There were twenty-five Bachs whose musical talent was eminent, one (Sebastian) who possessed genius, and fifty-seven who distinguished themselves in music, making a total of eighty-three. The first Bach of whom mention is made in connection with music is Weit Bach, who occupied the humble position of a baker and miller at Presburg about the year 1560. He is described as passionately fond of music, and playing the zither to the accompaniment of the sound of his mill. Starting from this old miller we find a steady development of musical talent generally from father to son, sometimes from uncle to nephew, for a period of 100 years, until we attain to the great Sebastian, born in 1685. Both his father and his uncle, but more especially the latter, were eminent musicians, and were moreover so very much alike physically that when dressed in the same style even their wives could not distinguish them one from the other. Sebastian's genius began to manifest itself by the time he was ten years old, and at the age of twenty-two he had obtained the full mastery of his powers. In Sebastian the musical gift of the Bachs seems to have culminated; as from his time to 1846, when his last grandson died, we find but a mediocrity of talent, although the majority of Sebastian's descendants were musical.

The Bach family give us an instance of moral as well as of mental heredity. All those who obtained celebrity, with the exception of two members, were noted for their pure and homely lives, for their aspirations after high ideals, their piety, goodness and cheerfulness. The Bachs also proved through many generations that a quiet middle class life is not incompatible with genius in its highest forms.

Another singular instance of heredity is that of the Porson memory. The great Richard Porson, who became Professor of Greek at Cambridge, was the son of a poor man, whose title to remembrance was the possession of a remarkable memory, and a talent for arithmetic. Richard Porson at an early age showed that he possessed his father's talents, only in a much more marked degree. So great was the genius he displayed, more especially in languages, owing to his wonderful memory, that a fund was raised to send him both to Eton and to Cambridge, when he became the greatest Greek scholar of his time. Many anecdotes relating to his extraordinary memory are given by his contemporaries. Thus Basil Montague related that Porson in his presence, and that of some other persons, read a page or two of a book, and then repeated what he had read from memory. "That is very well," said one of the company, "but could the Professor repeat it backwards?" Porson immediately began to repeat it backwards, and failed only in two words. His brother, who died at the age of twenty-two, was said to equal if not surpass Porson in ability. His sister also possessed the renowned Porson memory, but marrying early, and having a large family, she was not distinguished intellectually. The prizes and scholarships at Cambridge bearing Porson's name were founded in his honour.

Another marked instance of mental heredity is found in the family of the Coleridges, commencing with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who was the first of a series of eight, all distinguished for mental talents. The second member, Hartley Coleridge, was the son of Samuel Taylor, and like his father, both a metaphysician and a poet, but he has left fewer works, having died comparatively young. In him we see another phase of heredity—the craving for stimulants; his father was a confirmed opium-eater, and he himself became at an early age a slave to alcohol. Hartley's sister, Sarah Coleridge, was an authoress of no mean repute, and edited her father's works. Three of her cousins and two nephews were distinguished in literature and philology, and the Lord Chief Justice Coleridge belongs to the same family.

How many more instances of mental heredity could not one give if space allowed. We will, however, merely recall the Herschels, for five generations noted for their talents, the Fox family also five generations. Jussieu, the French botanist, four generations. Walpole and Pitt, each three generations, and in our own time, the two Mills, John Stuart Mill, and his father; the two Disraelis, the whole of the Brontè family, and, in a lesser degree, Bulwer Lytton and his son; Thackeray and his daughter, and the Trollopes, mother and two sons. All these are but a fraction of the names which could be adduced, but space not admitting of our entering upon them, we will pass on to the next division, moral heredity.

As regards *moral* heredity it is unfortunately easier to find examples of inherited *evil* than of inherited *good* moral characteristics. Looking back into the far vistas of time we however see standing out clearly through four generations the figures of the Catos, as examples of hereditary moral worth; the first Cato, the censor, the last Cato, the younger, being more especially renowned for their virtue, temperance, honesty, and integrity, as well as for their oratorical powers. More strength of mind was needed in those days of lawlessness, peculation, and immorality to enable a man raised to power as the Catos were, to keep his hands and soul clean than in these days of comparative virtue, and when we see those four generations of men holding their heads high above their compeers by reason of their virtue, trusted by their fellow-citizens for their justice and honesty, we cannot but acknowledge the strength of heredity which kept them what they were. And not alone amongst the *men* of the family do we find examples of heroism. Cato's daughter, Portia, was in no way inferior to him either in prudence or fortitude. Plutarch

From a Photograph by] FOUR GENERATIONS. *[Hughes and Mullins, Ryde.*

H.M. The Queen. H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg. T.G.D.H. Princesses Louis and Alice of Battenberg.

tells us that her husband, Brutus, having hidden from her the conspiracy against Cæsar, she took a dagger and thrust it through her thigh, causing a festering wound, of which she spoke to no one for ten days. Then Brutus expressing anxiety at her continued sickness, she told him what she had done, and asked if a woman who could thus suffer silently was not worthy to be trusted with the secrets of a husband whom she loved.

Nearer to our own time we find the Napiers appearing to us not only as famous warriors, but as men renowned for being uncompromising, unshrinking in their discharge of duty; as men whose honour could be relied upon. As has already been mentioned, the whole of the Bachs with but two exceptions, were renowned for their pure lives and honesty of purpose, and the family of Lamoignon, to which Malesherbes belonged, is described as one of those "whose members seem born only to practise justice and charity; wherein virtue is transmitted with the blood, is upheld by good counsels, and is exalted by great examples."

A JUBILEE CAROL.

BY MARGARET SCOTT HAYCRAFT.

THOU art Empress of the regions
Where the tropic roses blow,
Thou art Queen of this, our island,
Kissed by ocean's rippling flow;
Far and wide thy flags are waving,
Proudly do thy war-ships ride—
Not in banner, might, or sceptre
Takes thy heart its dearest pride!

Titles many, titles glorious
Gather round thy sovereign name;
He who crown and throne appointeth
Called thee high to royal fame:
By the grace of God we hail thee
Ruler of a realm supreme,
But another name is dearer,
Sweeter, to thine inmost dream.

Thou our Monarch best belovèd,
England's Queen for fifty years!
By what title shall we greet thee
Now the golden cycle nears?
Strange the nations, strange the kindred
Owned as thine in far-off scene—
But with ours their voices mingle,
Crowning thee our *Mother*-Queen!

Swift to sorrow with the mourner,
Swift to joy when homes are bright,
Still thy richest gem is pity,
Sympathy thy proudest right;
Mother of our English homesteads,
Mother of our distant climes,
Music in the name is breathing,
'Mid the echoes of the chimes.

Thou hast found a precious kingdom,
Nearer, fairer still than all,
Filled with voices of the children
Ringing round each ancient hall:
Bloom again the buds that faded,
When their tiny feet are heard—
And thy widowed life is culling
Heartsease from each lispèd word.

Throne and people, home and children,
Children's children at thy side—
May the mercy of the Highest
Evermore on each abide;
May the love that led thee onward
Gently all the changeful way,
Breathe undying benediction,
Guarding thee, oh, Queen! for aye.

GIRLS.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

I.—The Baby-Girl.

SURELY there is no thought sweeter or more tender than that which comes with a baby-girl—to its mother above all. The thought of a man-child has more possibilities of strength and power. It gratifies pride and ambition more. It points to a day when the little masterful baby will have grown an active boy, a stirring lad, a man in his prime, who may be a leader and a ruler of his kind, who may go far, toil hard, do great deeds, until he ends by influencing masses of his fellows, and changing for good or for evil whole towns and districts, nay countries, of the world. Every mother may look upon her man-child and dream, like Eve, that she has gotten, not a man, but *the* man from the Lord—the new man who is to be another great conqueror in some field of war or peace; the inventor of fresh machines to lessen labour and increase happiness; the successful pleader for undreamt-of reforms; the soldier fighting against wrong-doing and misery; the missionary carrying light and liberty into regions where before only gross darkness and iron bondage prevailed. The helpless baby of to-day may be in the to-morrow which is coming, another James Watt or Robert Stephenson; another Plimsoll crying out for justice to those who go down to the sea in ships; another Gordon; another Livingstone.

But the mother of the little woman-child sees in her the born queen, and, at the same time, the servant of home; the daughter who is to lift the burden of domestic cares and make them unspeakably lighter by taking her share of them; the sister who is to be a little mother to her brothers and sisters; the future wife and mother in her turn, she is the owner of a destiny which may call on her to endure much and to suffer much, but which, as it also bids her love much and show her love in unselfish ministrations, is well worthy of an immortal creature.

It makes one's eyes both shine and grow dim to think that the pretty baby-hand, crumpled up like the daintiest shell, and peeping passively out of the tiny sleeve of the small nightgown, may yet be work-worn like its mother's or its maiden aunt's in scouring, cooking, stitching to keep home homelike, to secure father's comfort, to take care that the boys and girls want for nothing they ought to have which the diligent, unwearied hand can procure for them. And these lines and seams of work are the most honourable marks that time can bring to the baby-hand.

It is like saying a prayer to look forward and foresee that the smooth, soft brow will not always remain smooth and fair. Wrinkles and shadows will gather there sooner or later—wrinkles born, not always of years and personal troubles, but many, many a time of anxiety for others. There is the desire so to spend and spare that the household supplies may never run dry, or so to replenish them, by the woman's individual efforts, as to keep them still coming in. There is the nursing of Tom or Harry so that he may be pulled through this or that illness. There is the bearing with Jack or Jane so that he or she may yet outgrow this or that fit of folly, repent of the error of evil ways, and live to become a good man or a good woman at last. These are the causes which cast a glory subdued, but very real, about the image of a baby-girl.

Let it never be said that a baby-girl is not as welcome a gift from God to a family as a baby-boy can be. Let no scorn or slight be ever thrown upon her because she is weak and "useless"—because she never will be able to do in the world what a boy might have done. A family without a girl, though it may strive to make up for the deficiency by boys well-nigh as handy and gentle as girls, just as some poor widower contrives to be, after a fashion, both father and mother to his motherless children, lacks a crowning grace, quite as much as a family without a boy misses a tower of strength.

One of the most beautiful and pathetic passages in Wordsworth's "Excursion" is that which tells of the longed-for daughter, born after

> "Seven lusty sons sate daily round the board
> Of Gold-rill side."

How the father invited all who passed the mountain farm to come in, share the festive cheer, and wish health and all good to his new-born girl. How the hoary grandfather came down from his own quiet dwelling once a day to rock the cradle of the slumbering child, for in her name he heard again the silent name of his dead wife.

> "Another Margaret Green,
> Oft did he say, was come to Gold-rill side."

And how, because God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, the story ended here in a

> "Daisied hillock, three spans long."

The human means we are told to use that our baby-girls may, if their Heavenly Father will, be spared to us, are simple enough, and within the reach of all save the very poor, on whom God and their brethren have mercy. Proper food, such as is natural to infants, proper clothing, chosen for cleanliness, comfort, and warmth, and not for foolish display at any time; regular hours for meals and sleep; a free application of tepid water, where cold is not desirable, in the shape of washing and bathing; as much of the open air as can be given without other risks; liberty to stretch the little limbs in rolling and creeping—these are about all the essentials for a healthy child, and none of them will injure any save an exceptionally delicate one.

There is, however, another obligation on which I have heard the devoted mother of little children speak strongly. I do not allude to the cruel and barbarous distortion of hapless children before their birth by such monstrosities of fashion as "wasp-waists" handed down by the worse than vulgar ignorance, heedlessness, and selfishness of women through all ranks. I refer to the hardly less cruel and equally unnecessary pain and discomfort caused to very young children by their mothers' being unaware of the obligation to practise self-denial for their children's sake, or unwilling to make the sacrifice in other things than in dress. All excess in eating should be avoided. I do not speak of drinking, because it is out of the question for any well-doing woman or really loving mother. All self-indulgence in food, of whatever kind, which gratifies the palate, but is in any way injurious to the health of the mother, and through the mother to the health of the child, ought to be given up. So should violent exercise, which can be avoided, late, irregular hours, extreme excitement, angry passions or

"temper," disordering to the whole system, and reacting on the innocent, unconscious child.

A word may also be said on what should be limitations even on the priceless blessing of open air for a child. Whoever has walked or sat for any length of time in a London park, can scarcely have failed to be struck by the recklessness with which babies in perambulators are exposed for an hour or more to the full glare of the sun on the one hand, or to chill draughts on the other. Neither are draughts of night air likely to be a gain to even a healthy child, though the frequency with which one meets babies and their keepers long after sun-down would tempt one to suppose that the contrary is the creed of the mothers of the land. Of course much allowance is to be made for the difficulties of leaving the baby in safe quarters during the mother's inevitable shopping and other errands. Still, with the most liberal and charitable spirit it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that many mothers, especially young mothers, gad abroad not only on Sunday and holidays, but also on work-a-day evenings, and entertain themselves by "looking in" on their neighbours, the mothers carrying their babies with them as a matter of course, when the safe and proper place for both mothers and babies is home. It may seem hard to deny a young working woman her little "outing," after perhaps a lonely day, her walk with her husband, when he will carry the baby for his wife if she is tired; nevertheless, the fact remains that many an attack of infantile bronchitis, and of the old dreaded enemy croup, would be spared, many a little child's death prevented, if mothers would but be wiser, more unselfish, more far-seeing on this matter. Don't misunderstand; nobody wishes to be cold and unsympathetic, or to refuse to recognise the many difficulties that may stand in the way. One's heart bleeds for the poor young wife, who is torn different ways, who fears to let her kind but not too steady husband go without her, lest the ale-house on a week night, or bad companions on any night, get the better of him if she is not by his side to build up his tottering firmness and strengthen his faltering resolution. Still she owes a plain duty to the child she has brought into the world for health or sickness, strength or weakness, life or death. She is not free to sacrifice it to the possible needs of its father.

The experience of mothers and nurses goes to show that in early life there is a precocity where girls are concerned. The baby-girl almost invariably speaks and often walks at an earlier age than her baby-brother will attempt these feats. She is a darling in her little hood or bonnet and pelisse, whether the materials are of the simplest calico, or the costliest silk or velvet. Remember that, oh, you happy mothers! Your loving hearts would fain lavish upon her adornments of riband, lace, and feathers, sometimes beyond your means, but never human creature needed them less. She is fair enough, in all truth, without them—often fairest when her dress is plainest, so that it is clean, and whole, and in keeping with her requirements. In like manner her short locks of hair are as pretty as possible; they do not want to be screwed in plaits or curl-papers to form artificial waves or curls. If you mothers will but look around you and judge for yourselves, you will see that this truth is still more acknowledged in the higher than in the humbler ranks among us. Suppose you desire to see crop heads, frocks of brown holland, or gingham, or tweed according to the season, brown straw hats, you are more likely to find them at all times on the squire's children than on the children of a mechanic on good wages, or of a thriving small tradesman out for a holiday.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

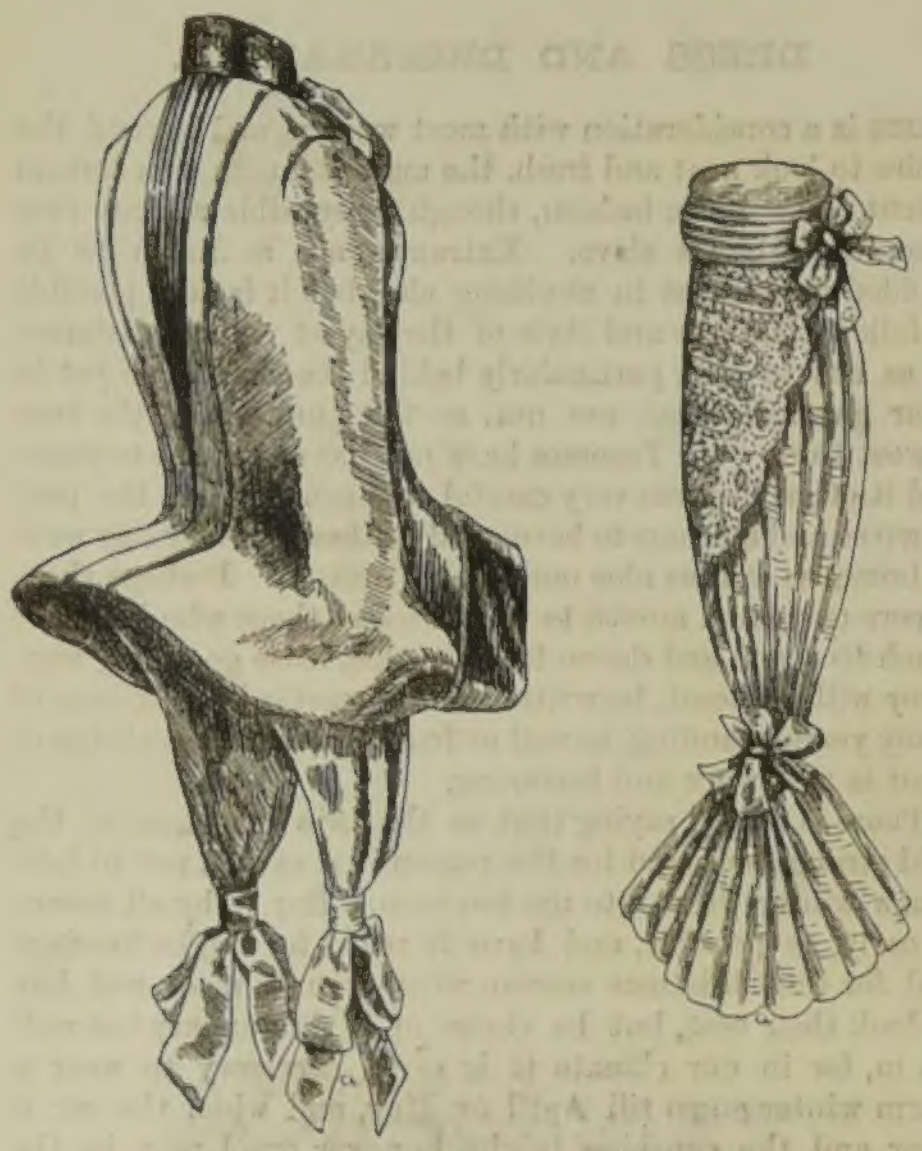
Dress is a consideration with most women, and beyond the desire to look neat and fresh, the majority wish to a certain extent to be in the fashion, though no sensible woman ever becomes fashion's slave. Extremes are as much to be avoided in dress as in anything else, but it is very possible to follow the taste and style of the day at a little distance, so as not to look particularly behind the times, and yet to wear garments that are not, as the phrase goes, the very newest thing out. Incomes have not increased of late years, and it often requires very careful management on the part of wives and mothers to have good clothes for every-day wear at home, as well as nice ones to go out in. Perhaps these papers may from month to month assist those who have not much to spend and desire to make that little go a long way. They will, at least, be written from practical experience of many years' standing, as well as from a general knowledge of what is well worn and becoming.

There is an old saying that as the days lengthen so the cold strengthens, and for this reason it is as well not to take a new winter dress into use too soon. Buy it by all means as early as possible, and have it ready for bright Sundays and for the Christmas season, when friends meet and like to look their best, but be choice of it till January has well set in, for in our climate it is often necessary to wear a warm winter gown till April or May, and when the air is clear and the sunshine bright, however cruel may be the east wind, it is impossible to go about in the rusty though serviceable gowns that did very well in the fogs and wet days of November and December, and under the dull skies of January and February.

It is very nice to be able to afford to have the best new winter dress, which few middle class women can invest in oftener than once in three years, from a really good dressmaker. It looks well to the last thread, and serves as a model for cheaper gowns, but of course the first outlay is considerably more than if the purchaser is clever enough to make her own gown. The great advantage of this is in the cutting out. One of the weaknesses of human nature is that we all deal more carefully with our own property than with that of others, and a woman who makes her own and her children's clothes finds that it well repays her to cut and contrive, to lay her pattern on several times and consider how to cut her coat according to her cloth, as well as how to manipulate her cloth so that it makes the best sort of coat.

Many very warm woollen fabrics are made in rather large plaids, and they have the advantage not only of being fashionable, but of not showing the dirt as soon as plain ones. They do not suit every one, or rather, they have not done so, but this year skirts are made the ordinary way of the stuff, but the bodice and draperies on the cross, so that the pattern forms diamonds down the back, front, and sleeves.

Thinner materials, such as cashmeres, are best made up over a foundation skirt of Russel cord, which costs about fivepence or sevenpence a yard, and the proper way of making these is to slope one width at the upper end for the front, letting the top measure twelve inches and the bottom twenty-one, cut two gores five inches wide at the top and ten at the bottom, one of which goes on each side of the front one, and use a plain piece thirty inches wide for the back, in which runnings may be made for three steels if they are liked. It is best to lay the plain material, or a fancy



one if the dress consists of two, over the front width, line it to the depth of six inches round the bottom and hem it up. Further reduce the gores at the upper part by stitching two V-shaped pleats in the centre, one having three inches plain in the middle, and one rather larger and longer in the middle of each of the side gores. Join the back widths and gores together, line and hem and face round the bottom, either with a narrow kilting or a piece of the material about six inches deep. Then run three widths together without any gores, stitch a hem and two or three tucks with silk that matches, put it on the foundation like a full flounce, reaching to within nine inches of the top, tack evenly down the sides, and join in the front. For the drapery, take a width of the stuff, pin it on to the figure by sticking a pin in one corner about half-way up the bodice. Then pin up the pleats on either side, leaving the lower point, rounding it or cutting it off to look square. Two widths, or two and a half according to taste, will make the back drapery, which needs less arranging, only the pleats of the front must be sewn into it, and the whole pleated into the band on which the skirt is set. A plain, well-fitting jacket bodice then completes a very pretty, stylish costume. A great many of this season's draperies are, however, allowed quite long and shawl-shaped. These have no upward pleats, but are box-pleated into the waist behind, and hollowed out so as to set plain in front.

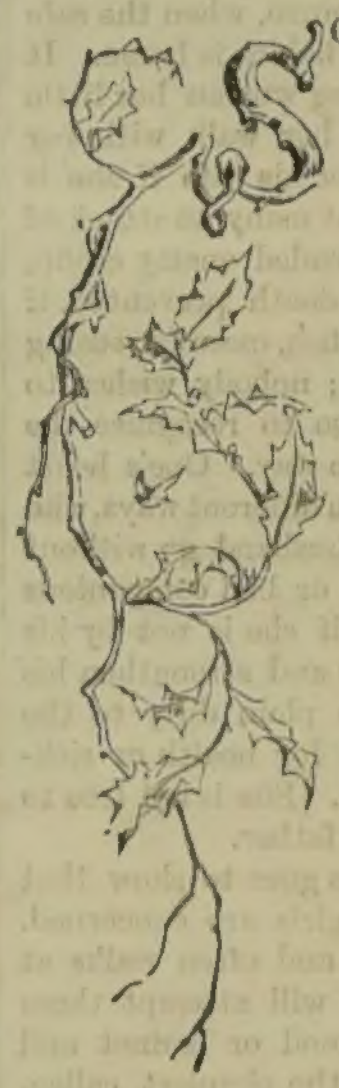
All the mantles this winter are short and smart-looking, though, of course, cover-alls are needed in bad weather. The short mantles, such as that in the cut, are easily made at home of black damassé, which is again fashionable, or any of the pretty brown or grey fancy cloths of English manufacture, which are thick enough to need no lining.

Bonnets are small but high, or rather, the trimming is so arranged as to make them look a great deal higher than they are. Bows of picot-edged corded ribbon, with or without a mixture of velvet ones, are placed half upright. The majority are without strings, but as strings protect the side of the throat in cold weather, they are frequently added, and should either be of the same ribbon, or composed of two lengths of picot-edged velvet, about three-quarters of an inch wide, on each side, with a made-up bow.

Nothing is so graceful an addition to a dark dress or so easily metamorphoses it into some semblance of evening attire as a pretty fichu. Our model is made of soft, silky Madras muslin, with a little piece of Mauresque lace and two bows of ribbon, one confining the fulness at the waist, and the other on the left side of the neck, where it does not soon get dirty from contact with the chin. Cream or ivory are the most becoming tints in lace and muslin, and the ribbons may be blue, cardinal, maize, or of any colour suitable to the age and complexion of the wearer.

DARK AND LIGHT.

"He knoweth not that which shall be."—Eccles. viii. 7.
"Looking for the mercy."—Jude 21.



SOFTLY ring the bells with mournful tone
As the old year fades from out our sight;
Steals the new year to the vacant throne,
Through the darkness and the hush of night;
Then all suddenly the sad, sweet strain
Bursts into a joyous peal again.

Care and sorrow in the past have been,
Clouding oft our little speck of sky;
Hidden yet as by a darksome screen
Are the days that in the future lie;
Yet with song of gladness, hope, and cheer,
We will rise and greet the dawning year.

Like the children who from sleep awake
With a bright expectance in their eyes,
All aglow with eagerness to take
What the new year brings of glad surprise
Raise we now our hearts and hands above
To receive our Father's gifts of love.

He is watching for His children's prayer,
He is waiting for His children's praise,
He has bid us cast on Him our care,
Trust Him for the new, untrodden ways,
Know the whole is by His wisdom planned,
Leave it all in His unerring hand.

So in faith the new-born year we hail,
Knowing that our Father's word is true,
And though mists the onward pathway veil,
We can see the glory shining through!
"Looking for His mercy" day by day,
Start with gladness on the unknown way.

SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.